St Matthew D-4 (1912-1924) 1924 MI Middle East
Bedouin M34

where wells are somewhat close together and the for- 312
age of the country allows it, goats can be kept, but these 283
must be watered at least once a day. They furnish hair 342
for tent-cloth, and thus it is the goat that shelters the Bedouin from the elements. In districts where forage 234
and water are still more abundant, sheep are raised, 439
chiefly for their wool or as articles of export. Mutton is 262
the favorite meat all over Arabia, and although for a les- 574
ser occasion goats or camels may answer, when a great sheikh gives a feast, sheep are the animals slaughtered.

Much has been written, and justly, about the beauty 281
and the endurance of Arabian horses, but they are not an 556
economic asset. In Central Arabia a horse is a pure luxury. Often in summer they must live on camel's milk just as humans do. They are kept and treated as household pets and are very intelligent and affectionate. Their only function is to furnish an aristocratic mount for pleasure, for state occasions and for war. During part of the year there is abundant pasturage for them, but they are a luxury afforded only by the sheikhs and the very rich and their number is small.

There are years in Arabia when the spring rains fail 731
partially or completely, and then the animals die by thou- 789
sands, or are driven to the nearest town to be sold for a 262
song. In such years starvation stalks abroad through the land. Little children die because there is no food suitable for such tender stomachs, and the adults are even more gaunt and thin than usual. The sheikhs are nearly bankrupted by the number of poor they have to feed, and the whole community waits and prays for more rain the coming spring.

At the best the life of a desert Bedouin is one of a 311
poverty so bitter and deep that Westerners have little idea of it. The entire outfit of a family could be bought for a mere trifle.

St Stephens D-4 (1922-1924) 1924 341 Middle East
Bedouin m34

to his masters in making possible a feast and a taste of meat for a large number. From camel's milk is made a sort of cottage cheese which is kneaded into little cakes much the shape and size of children's mud pies. These are plentifully mixed with hair in the process of manufacture and are baked in the sun almost to the consistency of bricks. They will keep indefinitely and form a savory addition to the diet in time of scarcity.

Occasionally the Bedouin will capture a *dhabb*, or armored lizard, and rejoice exceedingly at the kindness of Providence. Or he may succeed in catching a desert rat, or *jerboa*. In either case there will be meat to eat that night. On rarer occasions he may succeed in shooting a gazelle, and then there will be a real feast in his tent. But even at the best there is probably no community in the world that lives constantly so close to the starvation line as the Bedouin.

As a host, however, the Bedouin has no peer. The unaffected joy that is shown at the opportunity of entertaining a guest may well serve as a model for those of us who come from the more practical and unfriendly West. To sit in a Bedouin's tent and enjoy his hospitality is a pleasure to be remembered, even if the small amount of meat served with the rice be so tough that biting a piece in two is impossible, to say nothing of chewing it properly.

The very poor may sometimes flee from the demands of hospitality, but once asked they may not deny entertainment to any one. In the desert the desperately poor Bedouins avoid settling in the region of a recognized caravan track. To be compelled to entertain many guests would almost mean starvation for them, but they never refuse if a guest appears. The only alternative is to re-

Ar Harrison D-4 (1913-1954) 1934 MI Middle East Bedouin 1934

main away from regions where guests are likely to be numerous. The road between Hofuf, the capital of Hasa, and Oqair, its nearest port, affords excellent pasturage for goats and camels, and water is easily available for watering the stock. The traveler, however, will probably not see so much as one tent in that whole region. Caravans are coming and going continually, and the poor Bedouin cannot possibly entertain so many. Stern necessity compels him to go where the demands on his very slender resources will be smaller.

But the finest hospitality that I have ever enjoyed has been at the hands of the Bedouins. Ten years ago in the vicinity of Kuwait we saw a good deal of them, for there is always a fringe of Bedouin tents surrounding that city. The American missionaries were far from welcome in the town. A rival Turkish doctor had been imported by a local Mohammedan society and stocked with medicines and instruments so the poor might be treated free and every excuse for visiting the missionary's establishment removed. But there was no trace of hostility among the Bedouins and it was a great pleasure to visit their tents. We had a number of patients there and had to visit them often. When the dressings and treatments were finished, we stayed and visited together. There were questions about America, and the way to come from there to Arabia, and I in my turn learned a great deal about them and their utterly poverty-stricken lives. The way in which the medical missionary was admitted to the circle as one of the family is perhaps the most prized memory that twelve years' experience affords.

In the calendar of the desert the real red letter days are those when a wedding in the sheikh's family or some other event is the occasion for a great feast. Every

St Harrison D-4 (1912-1924) 1924 M1 Middle East
Baldwin n39

one is invited, and the half-starved Bedouin, who has perhaps not had a full meal for months, makes such use of his opportunities as seems incredible to a student of anatomy. Four hungry Bedouins are supposed to be able to eat a whole roasted sheep at one sitting, and I am sure that I have seen many such a Bedouin company that would be equal to the task. An Arab feast is an interesting sight. A whole sheep must be cooked for any honored guest, even if he has only one or two attendants. This animal, cooked as he frequently is in one piece, is placed on a huge copper platter and buried in a mountain of boiled rice. Out of the sides of this mountain, which would measure several bushels in bulk and which stands perhaps four feet high, are to be seen protruding the amputated stumps of the animal's four limbs. This enormous central dish is flanked by various side dishes containing gravies and a few vegetables. Vegetables, however, are few in number and scanty in amount. The proportion of cooking fat put on the rice is an index of the cordiality of the guest's welcome. There is quite certain to be several times the amount that a western palate enjoys. Around this mountain of food with its foothills of side dishes the guests seat themselves, all on the floor. The signal is given by the host's remarking, "In the name of God." There follows a mad race against time, for when one guest arises, all must follow his example. Obviously, then, the affair of the moment is to see that in the short time available as much as possible of God's blessings shall be appropriated. The meat is torn off in quarter-pound chunks. Such a piece is put into the mouth, bitten in two and swallowed, if indeed it is treated with so much ceremony. The rice is gathered up in great handfuls and poured down the esophagus, ap-

St Hamburg D-4 (1919-1934) 1934 M2 Middle East
Bedouin #34

parently meeting with no great obstacle on the way. In five minutes everybody is filled to repletion. Pounds of meat have been consumed and bushels of rice. The side dishes are empty. Enormous wooden bowls of buttermilk are brought in and the meal washed down with great draughts of this favorite Arab drink. It is not remarkable that after a feast everybody expects to take a nap. So ends the festivity and the Bedouin settles down once again to his meager and poverty-stricken existence in the desert.

Life as a nomad shepherd brings the Bedouin into naked and constant contact with nature. He is out of doors almost all of the time, and his tent with its rents and holes hardly serves to separate him from the outside world to any significant degree even when he is inside. The sun over him by day and the moon and stars by night, the long stretches of sand and the rough rocky plains, the sand storms which are the terror of the desert, the fierce heat of the summer and the frosts of the winter, all of these are his constant companions. He learns to know the wilderness as few know it. The tracks of the various animals in the sand are to him an easily legible history of the happenings of several days back. Thus he lives not simply in contact with nature but rather immersed in it. The desert may be cruel, but he pines away if transplanted. His life may be hard, but he wants nothing else.

Yet strangely enough, in spite of his intense love for the desert and its freedom, all the beauties in nature around him fall on blind eyes as far as the Bedouin is concerned. Even the desert sunset and the moon-lit sand dunes apparently stir no responsive chord in his heart. It is as if all such things had been stripped off

Bedouin 934

luxury and display have a certain number of devotees. In the desert the viewpoint is very different. Human needs and rights are always and in all circumstances the most important thing and property rights are always subordinate to them. More than that, it follows that no one, whatever his station, is entitled to more than he needs of the scanty supply of food, clothing and shelter which the world affords until every one else has had all that he needs. Concerning the surplus over and above the subsistence requirements of the community the Arab has no definite convictions, but the man who desires to live in wasteful luxury, or who hoards wealth while his fellow tribesmen starve, may expect to be sent down very promptly to the eternal fire to roast where he belongs. It is on this foundation that the obligations of hospitality are built. The traveler is a man in need—in need of shelter and of food. The mere fact that he has no money to pay for these does not modify the situation in the slightest degree. His need, in and of itself, establishes his host's obligation to feed him. No possible notion of private ownership can in the Bedouin mind establish the right of the householder to his surplus so long as a hungry guest remains to be fed.

Land in the desert is free as the air. It is practically worthless in its sterile aridity, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that private ownership has not attempted to control it. Live stock is owned individually. This type of property, however, occupies a peculiar position. Animals are privately owned, but they are the object of never-ending raids, and property rights in them are almost as far removed from our notion of private property as from communism itself. Live stock remains

S; Harrison D-4 (1915-1934) 1934 M1 Middle East

is greater. The gardener may consider himself hard worked and poorly rewarded. Both of these statements are true. The terms of his agreement with the man who owns the garden are oppressive. He knows very well that his labor is making the land-owner rich while he remains poor. Nevertheless, his lot is vastly more comfortable and he is much more of a polished gentleman than the Bedouin. His wife at least does not wash her hair in camel's urine. The community as a whole, including the artisans and gardeners, has sufficient food and adequate clothes. Compared with desert conditions, people keep clean. Whether built of stone or of mud bricks or of date beams and date leaves, their houses are good shelter from the weather, are warm in winter and fairly cool in summer. On holidays it is refreshing to see how gaily attired they all are. The poorest have a large amount of leisure and can visit their friends and enjoy a pleasant social life.

This society is confined to members of their own class, but within those limits it is quite as free and unconstrained and free as that of the Bedouin. Indeed, in some ways there is a spontaneity and a good fellowship and a genuine brotherhood that go far beyond anything that the Bedouin knows. The Bedouin is an individualist, and in his home he is seen at his best. His association with friends outside of his own tent, even though they are members of his tribe, is marked by a grave taciturnity that is far removed from the spirit shown when the silversmiths of Hasa have a social evening together or when the date gardeners of Katif entertain a stranger.

Furthermore, in these oasis towns there are the beginnings of Arabic art. Arabic penmanship, when done by a master, is real art, and the expert Arab penman is probably the most highly developed artist the place affords

flavoured with herbs; and its consumption is the occasion for much social activity—the rounding off of the day, and an opportunity for discussion, and the reception of guests. For the Badawin, if not for city dwellers, coffee is truly the "wine of Islam", and the equipment of all Badawin households includes at least one carpet, which is spread before the hearth, a mortar, and coffee pots and cups. A few cooking pots, and one or two large trays and bowls for communal eating make up the remainder of the culinary equipment.

Clothing of the Badawin is simple. A long robe of thick material is the principal, sometimes in fact the only, garment. In winter a waterproof cloak of woven camel hair is worn. A voluminous headcloth, held in place by a rope or band, is wound round the head so as to give protection to the face and neck, and rawhide, barefoot sandals are worn on the feet.

Water is usually too precious for much washing[1]—indeed, the Koran permits the ceremonial use of sand in the daily ablutions which are enjoined on all Moslems—and animal urine is frequently used as a substitute. Badawin food is monotonous and scanty. Most important are milk products: curds, buttermilk, various kinds of cheese—of which *labné*, a kind of cream cheese, is the most widespread—and *semné*, or butter. In addition, wheat, barley, and occasionally a little rice are obtained by barter, blackmail, or brigandage from agriculturalists, or else grown very sporadically by the nomads themselves.[2] Small amounts of dried fruit, usually dates, are also eaten. Meat is provided only as a great luxury, since animals themselves are in effect a kind of fixed capital—owners must live from the yield, not upon the animal itself. Apart, then, from occasions of high festival, when special slaughtering takes place, only those animals that die naturally are eaten.

Meals are served first to the older men of the tent, each man using his dagger as a knife, and fingers as a fork,[3] after which, when they are satisfied, it is the turn of the younger men and boys. Later still come the women, and finally the girls—the sexes never intermingling during meals. On occasion when supplies are plentiful, the Badawin

[1] It has been said of a present-day certain Wahhabi tribe of Arabia that all adult members have at least once in their lifetime been forced to exist on water taken from the hump of a camel.

[2] Patches of ground are roughly sown with grain, and later in the year nibbled on return to harvest the crop.

[3] As far as possible, use of the left hand is avoided in polite Arab society—this hand is employed for menial and unpleasant tasks.

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins MS4

XXIV

With the Tai' and Shammar Bedouins

LUCK FAVOURED US in eluding the vigilance of the French on our second attempt to reach the grazing grounds of the Tai' Bedouins under their *sheykh,* Muhamed Abd-er-Rachman at-Tai'.

His great camp spread out in a verdant valley, threaded by a long chain of rain pools. The snow-covered mountain ranges of Kurdistan, stretching beyond the Turkish frontier, formed a picturesque background. Camels and great flocks of sheep grazed over the desert, which recent rains had turned into rich pasture. Dotted about in groups were the black tents of the Bedouins. A horseman came to meet us. A foal, so it seemed in the distance, pranced round its mother, but as the rider drew nearer, we saw that the playful creature was a tame gazelle. The Bedouin rode a magnificent mare, that pranced on her feet like a dancer.

"Where is the abode of our host who will receive us?" I enquired. He pointed to the black outline of the largest tent, which showed from behind a ridge some distance away.

"Ha-wallah—by God—there dwells the Generous One!" He looked us over for a moment, then greeting us curtly, turned his horse and galloped away, the gazelle after him.

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins MJ4

With the Tai' and Shammar Bedouins

As we neared the large tent, the merry "ringing" of the coffee mortar bade us welcome. Malla Sulumeh, scribe to Sheykh Tai', conducted us within.

A considerable number of tribesmen were gathered in the roomy tent. As usual, the favourite falcon of the *sheykh* stood perched on a camel-saddle.

A slave removed the bird and placed cushions on the saddle for us. The coffee-cook poked apart the pieces of glowing desert roots on the hearth and poured between them dried camel dung from a fold of his cloak. He blew energetically on the hard nuggets, the size of walnuts, until small bright flames commenced to dance all over them. Then a large, beaked can was placed on the glow and it was not long before the coffee-water boiled and bubbled over. "Revive thy spirit!" said the ever-ready cup-bearer as he offered me the aromatic cup.

Previously he had, in accordance with Bedouin practice, conscientiously wiped out every cup with the sleeve of his old shirt. Adroitly he held in his other hand four small china cups without handles, like so many eggs in a nest, and jingled them lightly one against the other.

The coffee made the round. The favoured guests, whom the Negro served first (unhappily I belonged to them) were the victims of especial politeness; before pouring the coffee, he spat first into the cup and wiped it dry with his shirt sleeve. Three times had I to endure this rite at the hands of the punctilious coffee-priest, who waited on us with the utmost solemnity on each occasion. Only then might I waggle the cup between my finger-tips in token of thanks and satisfaction and hand it back to him.

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M34

224 ily narrowed as it drew near. They started hundreds of gazelles that fled past us, but Sheykh Tai' and his men shot only a few of the fat bucks in their midst.

During the day's hunting, our party gave chase to fifteen wolves, of which nine were killed. One of them had made a kill of two gazelle kids, whose remains were still lying about. The mother, who perhaps at first had fled, returned and stood near by, bleating, as gazelles will. I could not bear the pitiful cries of the poor animal and gave her the *coup de grâce* with a bullet. It was the only gazelle I have ever shot, for I could never bring myself to kill these beautiful, graceful creatures.

It was evening before our body of huntsmen, laden with booty, arrived back in camp.

● 574 Three days after the wolf-hunt a slave of Mishal ibn Faris, Chief of the Shammar Bedouins, arrived, with an invitation to me from his master to visit him and his tribe, which was then camping south of the Jabal Sinjar. [431] He also sent me as a present a golden-brown *aba*, such [486] as is worn by the Shammar in Hayil. It was to serve as a symbol which would ensure a safe journey for me, and his slave would be my guide.

619 The Shammar and the Tai' Bedouins are hereditary 628 enemies and their pasture lands are always, and were especially now, very dangerous regions in which to wander. Therefore, this was an act of particular courtesy and attention on the part of the old *sheykh* to give me safe conduct to his camp.

574 The following day I bade farewell to the Tai' Bed- 431 ouins. Unfortunately, I could not accept the mare

l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M 54

which their chieftain had offered me as a souvenir, for we had to travel by automobile. But I accepted two rarer gifts, and these heirlooms to boot. They were an ancient wood-carved coffee mortar, which had been in the possession of Sheykh Tai's family for generations. This pledge of his affection and friendship (as he called it) he had wrapped in an equally precious gift—three pieces of black cloth, artistically embroidered in gilt-silver thread, with verses from the Koran in Arabic calligraphy. They were choice pieces of the Ka'aba, which Sheykh Tai's great-grandfathers had brought many years ago from Mecca.

Loath as I was to accept such precious gifts, I was constrained to do so.

"We are brothers," said Sheykh Tai'. "Like the wolves. God be with thee. May He direct thy footsteps some future day into my dominions, so that I may meet thee again."

After bidding farewell to this wild, romantic and noble man, we cruised about in our old motor-car for five days along the southern foothills of the Jabal Sinjar, visiting the camps of various lesser tribes. Motor fuel we obtained from their *shiyukhs*.

Nowadays, nearly all of them own motor-cars, and on their migrations they carry a fairly large stock of gasoline with them on their camels.

At last we reached the wide plain through which runs the old historic caravan route from Deyr ez-Zor to Mosul and Baghdad. There we found the first outposts of the Shammar, and there also we parted from the faithful Ibrahim. I paid him handsomely and sent the

[See pp. 163-169 cat. 116 for explanation of this statement—analysis]

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins MJ4

000 man back to Aleppo, with his "wild ostrich", happy and contented.

Here, too, rain had fallen and transfigured the arid,
157 yellow wastes into lush green meadows. From the small band of Shammar, our guide borrowed riding-camels for our further journey, and we reached the camp of Mishal ibn Faris on the following day. Of Mishal the Arabs say that "no cloud can be compared with him for generosity." I, too, must say that I have seldom met so unselfish and kind-hearted a man.

Outside his large tent we drew up and dismounted. How many guest fires must have been lighted under this smoke-blackened roof, which had sheltered three generations!

574 The elderly *sheykh* stood on the threshold and bade
609 me welcome with the sacred formula of the wilderness,
[576] the assurance of peace, "Salam Alayk."

I responded in the manner of the desert: "God keep thee well." Then, Mishal ibn Faris took with his own hand the headstall from my mare and hung it on the main post of his tent. He had wanted to know me, he said, as soon as he had heard that a stranger, who loved Arab horses, was visiting the Tai'.

I thanked him for his pleasant and friendly invitation. In his way of addressing me there was more than ordinary politeness. From now on, whether with them in person, or far away, I had the freedom of his tribe.

157 Mishal ibn Faris, the great Shammar *sheykh*, esteemed
554 from one end of the desert to the other for his staunch righteousness, had a peaceful and moderating influence on Bedouin politics, both in Mesopotamia and Syria. "A

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M34

man without a single enemy", Arabs have called him to me.

I was Mishal's guest for several weeks. In the company of his son Naif, I was able to look over a large number of Arab horses amongst the different Shammar clans. One two-year-old Saqlawi-Shaifi stallion of purest blood pleased me exceedingly. One day I enquired of the *sheykh's* secretary if he thought it possible that Mishal would sell this stallion. It had indeed come to my ears that Mishal had refused an offer of eight hundred gold pounds from the French Remount Service. From my experience, I knew that really thoroughbred Arab horses were quite rare and therefore exceedingly expensive. Considering the stallion's breeding, the French offer certainly did not appear too high, when one remembers that foreign military commissions and breeders have paid in the desert anything up to three thousand pounds gold for blue-blooded stallions.

I asked the scribe to submit my offer to his *sheykh* up to one thousand pounds gold. I also declared myself ready to make the customary presents to the *katib* (secretary) and to the slave who had looked after the stallion from birth.

That same day I sat with Mishal and his son Naif and their friends until late into the night. By the light of the campfire I showed them photographs of Arab horses, among them the stallions and mares which I had bought from the stud of Lady Anne Blunt's daughter in England, for the ranch in California.

"Is it known to thee," asked Mishal, "that Lord Blunt and my father Faris formed a blood brotherhood fifty

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala
Bedouins M54

574 231 572 years ago? He, as thou, loved our fast and enduring runners, those 'Drinkers of the Wind', which Allah bestowed on our forefather Ishmael."

Neither the scribe nor anyone else said a word about the stallion, and I dared not ask again; for I imagined that Mishal was particularly fond of this young horse.

574 431 The day of my departure came. The patriarchal *sheykh* and I exchanged words of formal farewell. Then he led me aside and bade me sit down with him at the farthest tent-peg. After a few minutes of silence, he took two documents from a leather pouch and said: "I have long noticed that thou hast taken the Saqlawi colt to thy heart. He is the best of our breeding, and I am happy to make thee a present of him, that thou mayest always remember our friendship and noble horses. Take the young stallion with thee and mention no thanks nor price, so that this remembrance may live forever unclouded in our hearts."

"The Lord be good to thee, O Mishal ibn Faris," I replied, "for that I am allowed to part from thee with such happy memories."

What more could I say in response to his simple words? I knew the Bedouins. To be open-handed makes most of them happy; and further, Mishal was a very rich man. To him "belonged" not only the Shammar in the Northern Jesirah (Mesopotamia), but he actually owned sixty-nine villages and their cultivated lands on the Khabur River. I could only hope that God would grant me the opportunity some time of showing my heartfelt thanks to Mishal in some special way.

[181] [423]

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala Bedouins MJH

One of the documents the *sheykh* handed to me was a deed of gift and a token of his friendship; the other set forth the pedigree of the colt. Mishal rose to his feet. He took me by the hand to set me on my way, and together we walked far out into the desert. He spoke no word and I made no attempt to break the silence. My eyes were held by the picture of the powerful young stallion which was being led ahead of us by Naif and a slave. Full of fire and grace, with prancing steps, he looked the living epitome of this wild and romantic land.

When some tribesmen rode by on their mares, the young stallion stopped still, his whole body tense, neck arched, and small head held high. His chest quivered as he neighed in long-drawn silvery notes. His uplifted tail flowed out from his croup like a cascade of water. He was surely as magnificent as any of those aboriginal wild horses, which, according to Bedouin lore, Ishmael caught in the Nufud desert. "Black-skinned antelopes (*kubaylan*) they were called of old, by reason of the black rims around the eyes, which make them look as if they had been painted with *kuhl* (pure antimony)."

The *sheykh* at last called to my companions, who had gone ahead, to halt. Looking back, Mishal and I saw the great camp a long way off. The old chief laid his hands in blessing on the forehead of the young stallion, and said to me: " 'Amud,' I have named thy stallion. It is a name of my people. The peace of God be with thee forever."

Then he kissed both my cheeks and the hoof of the horse, and strode back to his tents.

l: Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 Mi 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

521 that have been brought back from the Asir front for the King to see? It is true, I say, O Abu Sa'ud. You know I have never told a lie yet, and why should I do so now?"

As he tells this whopper, the women giggle and cry out in pretended alarm. They, of course, believe the story, and half Arabia believes it too.

"Do you know", said Salim again, "that there is talk in the Summán that Faisal al Duwish is alive and in hiding?" I replied caustically that this could not be, seeing that he died in prison of an aneurism two years ago. "That is just it", replied Salim, "you go and swallow any fairy tale that Bin Sa'ud likes to put about. Actually, if you must know it, Al Duwish escaped and is in hiding. Why, as I was coming from Riyadh only twenty days ago I met a Mutairi woman who had met him. She saw him standing outside her tent in the evening. He had come from his hiding place in one of the *dáhals* to ask for a little bread. She is a person who knows the Shaikh like her own self. If you must know it was Wadha, Faisal's own sister. There, that is proof, isn't it?" Cries of pleasure come from the women, for all the world loved Faisal al Duwish, in the eyes of the Mutair the greatest Badawin leader and shaikh that was ever born of woman.

Such and many similar stories were recounted till, tiring, I told them all to go to bed as I had a long day before me in the morning.

264 574 "Will you want lunch for the road in the morning, Abu Sa'ud?" said the practical-minded Amsha. "Yes, of course", said I. So she promised to get up at 4 a.m. and cook me three chickens* and a bowl of rice. The bowl, she said, had a cover, and with a loaf of Arab bread on top and the cover put on, the lunch would keep warm easily till noon. She was as good as her word. Next day's lunch was delicious. A salam now all round and I dismissed my woman friends, and the worthy Salim, and turned in.

231 I seemed to have slept but a little while by the entrance of my open tent, when I was awakened by ferocious barking. The three or four camp dogs had taken fright at something. I felt they were moving round and round the tents, they were quiet for five minutes or so and then broke out again in the fiercest growling and barking. I was very

* I had brought these along with me alive from Kuwait.

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

proposes to wage war on So-and-So, and on such and such a date. This would not be tolerated. He must carry the public opinion of the tribe with him. Hence, before anything is undertaken, secret meetings and daily talks are held with the tribal greybeards and men of experience. Once a decision has been come to, however, and the battle joined, the leadership lies with the shaikh, and his orders must be obeyed.

To maintain his influence in the piping times of peace, the shaikh must prove himself literally the "father of his people". He must know the family troubles of every man and must give good and fair decisions when cases are brought to him for settlement. Above all, he must not be miserly, and must keep open house. No name has a more unworthy meaning, or leaves a nastier taste in the mouth of the Badawin than the epithet *bakhil*, or "stingy one". Once this name *bakhil* sticks to a chief, his influence is at an end. Hence a successful shaikh must always have coffee going in his tent, pestle must ring on mortar from morn to night. Even this is not enough; for his hungry tribesmen, the majority of whom would scarcely taste meat from year's end to year's end, expect from their shaikh an occasional feast and the slaying of a camel, that all may eat their fill. The shaikh can reasonably stage a feast on the arrival of an important guest, to celebrate a wedding, or circumcision ceremony, or the like.

A great shaikh will go even further and will regularly send presents of frocks and material for dresses to the wives of the less fortunate members of his tribe. This keeps the women happy, and indirectly their husbands also. The shaikh's chief lady also has herself a lot to do in keeping up her husband's prestige, and the wives of the junior members of the clan are for ever calling on her and explaining their difficulties, in the unexpressed hope that assistance to the wardrobe or kitchen will be forthcoming. The great Faisal al Duwish was a master at keeping the women of the tribe happy, and it paid: the same must also be said of His Majesty King 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud.

HARD LIFE OF THE INDIVIDUAL BADAWIN

The average Badawin has a hard and difficult existence, and may be said to be always hungry and ill-clad. The main hardship he is at all times faced with is lack of money and inability to make any, by

k Dickson G-5 (1929-47) 1951 MI 1 Kuwait
Bedouins MJ4

511 what the world would call honest methods. Hence if he cannot live on somebody's largesse he must steal or raid. He cannot spin, to work [461] he is ashamed. If he is forbidden to raid (as is the case under Bin Sa'ud's regime to-day), the fight for life is a particularly severe one, when he is not provided with an occupation to enable him to earn. Year in, year out, the poorer type of Badawin—and there are many tens of thousands of such—never gets a "square" meal according to our standards. He probably has meat only when he can cadge it off somebody more fortunate than himself, or when his shaikh gives a dinner party.

262 His own food for most of the year consists of only camel's milk and a handful of dates per day. The camel-herd gets even less than this.

291 The Badawin's clothes are on the same scanty scale as his food, a thin cotton *dishdásha* (smock), replaced only when it falls off his back with age, and a threadbare *'abba* (cloak), *kaffiyah* and thin rope *agál* (head cloth and head cord), are all he has to cover his ill-nourished body. Yet all this makes for toughness and hardihood, and the average [132] Badawin seems made of steel. The lack of warm clothing is probably the hardest thing in life that he has to bear, for in winter the temperature often falls below freezing point, and the winds are of ice, and cut the body through and through. I have never in my life felt so cold as in the desert a hundred miles inland of Kuwait when a *yáhi* or *jabali* 262 wind has been blowing in December or January. Yet in spite of the 574 hard life, the Badawin is never in danger of actual starvation or of dying from want. His *ahl* (family) would never permit this, nor would the system of affording three days' hospitality to all and sundry —such a splendid feature of democratic Arabia—allow of a man reaching such straits. A person who is down and out, without a penny to his name, would in reality be far worse off in London than in Arabia, where he could always hope to find a black tent or two to sponge on.

[181] A Badawin's dream and ambition in life is to possess about a dozen 231 camels, next a wife, and afterwards a mare, half a hundred sheep and a *salúqi*—I am, of course, assuming that he starts with a rifle and a *dhalúl* (riding camel). Give the desert man these essentials and he is a made man, for both camels and sheep double themselves in three years. Any male lambs that are born, he kills for food, the females he

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keeps for breeding. Similarly, young male camels are sold for food 231
and only a selected few retained to carry the household tents and [492]
baggage.

Mares are never sold, and the male foals, if not killed at birth, are a source of income when sold in the towns bordering on Arabia. (See Chapter XXX.)

The Badawin of the desert has a charm of his own, and if you 572
once make friends with him or do him a kindness, he does not forget. 577
He is above all things a child of nature, and is ruled by a strange pride which he calls his *sharaf* and which he values almost above life itself. Scold a desert man or call him ugly names, and he is ready to knife you; at the very least he will sulk, dig his toes into the ground and do nothing that you wish. On the other hand, if you treat him kindly, invite him to sit down in your tent and take a cup of coffee with you, you have gone half-way to win his friendship and confidence. If you treat him as an equal, and not as a servant, even if he is merely your guide or escort, he will react wonderfully and will rarely take liberties.

He is full of humour too, and will understand a joke and a good 522
story, but you must not make fun of him before his fellow Arabs.

Next to his *sharaf*, the Badawin, and for that matter every true 577
Arab, values his family honour or *'ardh*. This word implies the good name of his womenfolk and more especially of his wife and sister. If his *'ardh* is besmirched nothing short of killing the errant woman will restore it. Respect the Badawin's *sharaf*, speak well always of his *'ardh* and help him to guard both, and all will be well with you in your relations with him.

However poor he is and however lowly his dwelling-place, the 574
Badawin excels as a host, and will slay his last camel or sheep to do honour to his guest. Nor are his womenfolk behindhand in this respect. If an important personage passes by her tent in the absence of her husband, the wife will run out of her tent holding out a frothing bowl of camel's milk or *leben*, as a sign of welcome.

THE BADAWIN'S FAULTS

The desert man has his faults, of course, and by Western standards 000
they are grave.

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342 462 (1) "Spread out the tent *ya 'aiyál*" (O my people) (from its rolled up position when taken off the camel's back).
(2) "Stretch out the ropes *ya auládi*" (O children) (so that they are at right angles to the tent).
(3) "Anchor the rope ends in the ground *ya fulan wa fulan*" (O So-and-So).
(4) or "Drive in the pegs and wind the ropes round them *ya Nasir*."
(5) "Tighten the ropes *ya Hussa, ya Wadha*."
(6) "Take a pull on the end ropes *ya Marzuk, ya Nasir*."
(7) "Affix the *majadim*" (front-side, support-poles.) This is done on side away from wind.
(8) "Raise the centre poles"—the men's job.
(9) "Raise the back side poles and remaining end side poles."
(10) "Now lay to and take a pull at all the ropes once more."
(11) "Now *rawwagu al bait*, i.e. attach the *ruag* or back and side curtains, and cover the lower edge with sand to keep them down."
(12) "Now affix the *qáta* or partition curtains."
(13) Lastly, "Spread out the carpet and the *dawáshaks* and get ready the women's and men's portions of the tent". Women's quarters centre and left (*margad al harim*), men's quarters right (*margad al rijál*).

The tent is now fully pitched and the women place their treasures and stores in the centre portion of the tent, including their litters (*maksar*, *ginn*, etc.), sleeping gear, blankets, food, etc., and transfer to the end compartment the cooking pots, cooking utensils, etc., turning it into a sort of kitchen.

MEN'S PORTION OF THE TENT

352 574 In the men's portion of the tent are then unrolled a well-worn carpet or two, the best *dawáshaks* (mattresses), to sit on, and the master's own camel saddle covered with white or black sheepskin. Pillows (*masanad*) are placed on both sides of this camel saddle, and also behind it for the guest's back to rest on, and generally the place is turned into a neat guest chamber for anyone who may [411] come. The master now hangs up his rifle on a hook attached to the 415 tent pole in the guest chamber, and prepares a fireplace to make coffee 272 in the centre of the floor by digging out a shallow circular hole (*wujár*). This done, he gets out his row of three coffee pots (*dalla*), also a fourth "stock" pot, and lays them alongside the fireplace, together with the *mahmása* (coffee roaster) and *yed al mahmása* (coffee-berry stirrer).

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Last of all he places in position the *shat finajin* (brass case for coffee cups) alongside the *yed wal hâwan* (brass pestle and mortar), the *mubarrad* (wooden slipper for cooling coffee beans), the *mukhbât* (wooden peg for stirring the hot coffee), the *lîfa* (coir piece to stuff into the coffee-pot's spout), and finally the *makhbâr* (incense burner). All is now ready to receive a guest, except that the actual coffee beans, the cardamum seed to mix with the coffee, the firewood (*'arfaj* bush) and the *jalla* camel manure (in place of coal) and the drinking water, is round in the women's part of the tent or outside it, and will have to be fetched.

As a guest is seen arriving these last necessities are brought and by the time he sits down, firewood, *jalla*, etc., all are ready to hand.

The scheme of things in a poor Badawin tent is the same, only everything is on a very much more modest scale—in fact, according to his purse.

A man leaning on the guest saddle is said to be *murtachi*; if he leans his back against a cushion (*masnad*), he is said to be *mutasannad*. If he tells a story he sits cross-legged; when eating he kneels on his left knee and sits on his left heel; his eating hand works outside his right upright knee; when he washes his hands he squats with knees wide apart.

WOMEN'S PORTION OF THE TENT

Women and servants (if any) carry all cooking utensils, etc., into the women's apartment and cooking portion of the tent, the heavy baggage and bags containing rice, flour, dates, salt, sugar are stored up against the *ǫâta* curtain dividing the women's from the men's apartments. The camel saddle-bags are then hung up on the tent poles, as well as other odds and ends, including the owner's spare rifle and ammunition. Red *laḥâfs* or quilts, which take the place of blankets, are then rolled up and placed on top of the stores, and the woman of the house and her daughter's decorated *maksars* (litters) are placed in a prominent position on the other side of the tent, so as to be seen by passers by.

Not the least important of the women's treasures are the spindles (*maghzal*), with which the womenfolk in their spare time spin camels' or sheep's wool. These they are for ever whirring, whether on the

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to, and the type may be called, for lack of a better description, Badawin in the transition stage to a more settled existence.

These 'Arabdar, certainly in Kuwait, usually have large flocks of sheep, and only a few camels to give them milk and move their tents as they follow the grazing. Many of them are of good Sharif stock such as 'Ajman, Mutair, 'Utaiba and Harb 'Arabdar; and their members go and come from the towns to their original tribes, and regularly intermarry with their desert cousins.

The good 'Arabdawi is not necessarily looked down upon by the pure Badawin, especially if he is of good stock, but the latter undoubtedly think him rather a soft sort of semi-townsman, who has grown rich in the service of a town ruler, and prefers the fleshpots of *hadhar* life to the real hardships of the desert. They, the 'Arabdawi, are in short a sort of half-Badawin, to be made use of by the pure-bred article, when the latter comes up to town to purchase his needs. The Arabdawi is also a useful go-between in business transactions involving sheep and camels, and at all times is rather proud to act as host and put up his Badawin brother who asks for a night's lodging in the city.

Akaluna al Badu, is a common cry heard among the 'Arabdawis of Kuwait, yet they get prestige and honour among their neighbours, whenever they put up these desert cousins, especially their shaikhs. These half-Badawin 'Arabdar are generally peaceful, for war does not pay them. As their wealth lies in their sheep rather than in their camels, there is no inducement for them to raid, and lift other people's camels, the temptation *par excellence* of the Badawin raider, who is himself so vulnerable. Nevertheless, the 'Arabdawi is an excellent fighting man if it comes to supporting his shaikh or defending the town he depends on.

There is yet another desert dweller who must not be confused with either the pure Badawin nomad, or his 'Arabdar cousin. This is the tribal desert shepherd, whose job in life is to care for the sheep either of the town dwellers or of the more well-to-do tribal shaikhs. As sheep cannot keep pace with camel migrations, and the areas in which they can graze are much more circumscribed or narrowly defined than those wandered over by the camel tribes, a class of shepherds has evolved, who move in areas of their own, but who are allied to

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CHAPTER VII

Arab Honour

GUESTS AND THE LAWS OF HOSPITALITY

574 Among Arabs generally, and more especially among the Badawin of the desert, a guest (*thaif*) is a very sacred person indeed, and the unwritten laws of hospitality lay down that such a person, even though he be a perfect stranger, and of a strange tribe, be entertained, fed and looked after in fitting manner, and to the best of the host's power.

There is a beautiful Arab couplet, which takes the form of a host's welcome to his guest, and illustrates better than any words of mine, the tent-dweller's duty towards his guest. It runs as follows, and has been addressed to me in my capacity as guest on several occasions, notably by H.M. King 'Abdul 'Aziz al Sa'ud when I visited him in 1920:

[539] "O Guest of ours, though you have come, though you have visited us, and
though you have honoured our dwellings:
We verily are the real guests, and you are the Lord of this house."

A guest is, of course, expected not to impose on his host nor take advantage of the laws of hospitality, unless he genuinely requires food and rest. A traveller, for instance, at the end of a long day's journey, will look round for a tent where he can spend the night, and finding one in the distance can legitimately go to it and get a night's food and lodging. Should he, however, be within a mile or two of his own destination, he must make an effort and complete the distance rather than sponge on perhaps poor strangers.

In the desert a man (or party) does not brazenly go up to a tent, and demand hospitality. That is never done. Gentlemanly instincts are highly developed in the Badawin. A man approaches the tents of his prospective host modestly and with becoming diffidence. He must

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draw near from the front, and not from the back of the tent or tents of his host—in other words, he must come up on the side where the tents are open and facing him. He must then make his camel kneel a couple of hundred yards away, and then busy himself with its saddlery or start tying his camel's knees up (*aggal rikayibu*) until he is noticed. The host will then either go out himself from his tent, and invite the traveller to come and rest, or he will send out a servant, according as he thinks the man is a more or less important person.

The guest will then be conducted to the guests' part of the tent, will be given coffee, a meal and a night's rest, and will depart in the early morning. This normal form of entertaining a guest in the desert is exercised every day. It may be called giving a traveller a "night's rest". The guest never dreams of offering payment, nor would such offer be accepted.

The quality of the food naturally depends on the status of the tent-owner, but a host will always offer of his best.

Similarly, if by day a traveller passes close by a tent and would like a drink, he has only to turn towards the tent and he will be given a bowl of *leben* or camel's milk.

A traveller's social status is indicated by the number and style of his retinue. If an important person passes by, the would-be host will move out of his tent, and stand in such a position that it is obvious he is offering a welcome.

Should the master of the house (tent) be absent, the wife steps forward and holds out a bowl of camel milk in such manner as to make it quite clear that she expects the passing cavalcade to halt and partake of her hospitality by drinking at least her buttermilk.

If she has reason to think that it is her own shaikh, or someone equally important, who is passing by, she will go further and hang up her best holiday garment (*thaub*) on a pole in banner fashion, to signify that she gives double welcome. This is called hoisting the *raiyat* (*ta'allag al raiyat*).

Three days is the time limit for a guest to stay in his host's tent. Should he shamelessly stay longer, the host has a right to ask where he is bound for, and whether he can assist him in any way. This hint is as a rule sufficient, and the laggard guest moves on.

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GIFTS

Kings, such as Bin Sa'ud, great Princes, and important shaikhs in the desert, will press their honoured guests to stay and partake of their hospitality up to ten days, but after that period is up, the guest is supposed to take his leave (*yatarakhas*). Both sides will, before parting, exchange presents. The host to his guest and to all the members of his party, and the guest to the servants and retainers of his host.

Should a prince or big shaikh visit another of like status to himself and by invitation, then the arriving guest brings special gifts for his host, his host's ladies and his host's servants. These usually take the form of coffee, bags of rice, men's cloaks, strips of silk for men's *ṣibúns*, or overgarments, and coloured cloth for women's frocks.

This giving of gifts among persons of rank is an important and essential part of the ritual of hospitality, and has before now fallen hardly on British officials, who have been sent on special missions, for example to Bin Sa'ud's court.

I recollect that on the two occasions when I visited H.M. King 'Abdul 'Aziz Bin Sa'ud with Sir Percy Cox (then H.M.'s High Commissioner for Iraq), Sir Percy on leaving paid Rs.600 as largesse to the King's servants and retainers, while he and all his party (Europeans) received each a mare in return, with a complete change of Arab garments apiece. The servants received *'abbas*, *kaffiyahs* and *agáls*.

Similarly, when I accompanied Sir Hugh Biscoe (H.M.'s Political Resident in the Persian Gulf) to Hufuf and Khabari Wadha respectively, I distributed Rs.500 on his behalf to the King's retainers.

I mention the above, for it is important that a benign Government should abandon the English standpoint and loosen Treasury purse-strings in recognition of the fact that such an exchange of gifts is a vital custom of the country, and if adequate gifts were not made, its representatives would lose face and influence, and give offence.

In January 1936, when H.M. Bin Sa'ud visited Kuwait, he distributed *ṣibúns* and *'abbas* to three hundred of the shaikh's retainers, gave Rs.50,000 to deserving persons as presents, and distributed Rs.10,000 to the poor, mostly in person. He followed this up by later presenting

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eleven motor-cars to the shaikh's relations. The shaikh for his part disbursed Rs.95,000, including Rs.25,000 to the King's sons, as well as 750 *ṣibûns* and *'abbas* to retainers.

This giving of gifts by a host to his guest is more particularly the prerogative of the host if he be the big man and the guest be the poor man. It follows then that any Badawin shaikh who comes on a visit to his King, his prince or his paramount shaikh, and is hospitably received by him, expects to receive some sort of present before he departs. "After all," thinks he, "have I not come a distance of many miles, have I not shown my loyalty and have I not imparted much information of value?"

I had the honour to be for seven and a half years the Political Agent of Kuwait, and I can testify that this officer can similarly maintain good relations with the great desert tribes of Iraq, Hasa, Najd and Jabal Shammar, only by keeping open house at all times and receiving with due honour the shaikhs of these tribes whenever they come to the town to purchase supplies. These shaikhs call, as a measure of duty, receive coffee, sherbet and other refreshments and before departing are given a present of cash, clothing or coffee by the Political Agent.

The expenditure is worth while, for each man has given a full picture of what is happening in his country, and has unconsciously provided the official with much valuable intelligence. Were the Political Agent to cease giving his guests a present, however small, they would immediately cease to come and see him, and in a very short time indeed H.M.'s representative would find himself blind and deaf. He certainly would get little news out of the local powers, seeing that in self-defence their policy must always be to keep H.M.'s representative more or less in the dark or at least in blinkers.

THE SALT BOND

To have eaten with a person gives a guest security from the man who has fed him and entertained him, and even from his host's people or tribe, for a period of three days.

Even if you merely drink coffee with your host, this counts as if you had eaten his food.

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574 628 Faleh bin 'Aamir, a Mutairi of the Mu'aha branch of the 'Ilwa, whom I have known for several years and with whom I have spent many a pleasant evening in the desert, has from time to time told me many stories relating to Arab hospitality. Among other things, he detailed the duty of guests towards their host which I recorded in my notes on 7th January, 1935.

Not only, said he, is there a binding duty of the host towards his guest, but such guest, so long as his host's salt (*milah*) is in his stomach (*fi battinu*)—which is always assumed to be three days and three nights—is responsible that no harm comes to the host from the guest's tribe. For example, A was the host of B, who quite casually and as an ordinary traveller, had stopped at A's tent and spent the night (*nauwakh andhu*). Next day B left A's tent (second day) and went his way. On the third day A's tent was attacked by raiders from B's tribe, and five camels and one mare were carried off. A then had a rightful claim against B and was able through B's intervention to recover his lost camels and mare.

In practice A would follow B to his tribe, however far away, and would lay his claim before him, or if B's tribe were not on a friendly footing with A's tribe, A would send a neutral messenger to B, and demand satisfaction.

Not only would B be in honour bound to make complete restitution, but he would have the whole of his tribe behind him if it were necessary to coerce the raiders who had harmed A's camp and stolen the camels. On top of the restitution to A, "honour" money or "honour" camels, would have to be paid to B. That is, the raiders would have to give an extra camel or two to B as compensation for having, so to speak, broken the salt bond between the two men.

SANCTITY OF WOMEN

562 587 586 In the desert the position of women is a far freer and happier one (if we except the hard life and privation that is their lot), than that of their Arab sisters of the town. It is true that they are frequently divorced. Such divorces, however, are not over-serious. Perhaps there is incompatibility of temper, or perhaps the wife has failed to serve up a tasty dinner for her husband and lord. It matters little.

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If she is pretty, attractive and the daughter of So-and-So, she will easily find a dozen other men ready to marry her. 562 587

As for her children: she retains the small ones till they reach the age of eight, and then hands them over to their father's care, but they are never far from her, and are allowed to come and see her as often as they like. Nay, if she is a clever girl she will keep on quite friendly terms with her former husband, and call and see his new wife regularly. That is quite common practice. 586

Where the Badawin housewife has distinctive rights, is in the management of the tent; she is *um al 'aiyál* (mother of the family) as well as *raiyat al bait*. She holds the honour and good name of her husband in the hollow of her hand. Upon her falls the duty of providing for the guest, of cooking choice and tasty dishes, of turning out good *laben*, and generally bringing the good name of her husband into prominence among his fellow Arabs. 562 462

The mistress of the house never sees or mixes with stranger guests, but she knows all that is going on, for only a curtain partition separates the women's from the guest's quarters. 562 574

The personal name of the lady of the house is never mentioned by the guest, or even by the host's men friends, she is *Um al 'Aiyál* or *Raiyat al Bait* only. Should a friend wish to ask after a man's wife, he will merely say to the husband, *Kaif hal illi warrak?* or *Shlaun um al 'aiyál?* ("How is she who is behind you?" or "How is the mother of the children?"). Unpleasant badinage is taboo.

Even more carefully guarded and shielded are a man's marriageable daughters. They are never seen at all, except by those on very intimate terms.

Jokes about a man's getting married, and so forth, are quite common, and the young Lothario about to get spliced is always the butt of his companions, but never is the woman's name brought into this form of rough chaff. That would be *'aib* (a shameful thing). 562 522

The sanctity of a woman and her good name is more immediately apparent in cases of war or hostilities between two tribes. 562 726

She it is who encourages her menfolk to go forth and fight bravely for her and come back triumphant. She it is, if the tribe has to be rallied, who uncovers her face, lets down her hair, and mounts the *markab* of the tribe wildly to encourage the young and old men to

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Exclamations

Chap. IX

PRETTY CUSTOMS AND EXPRESSIONS AMONG WOMEN

B 192

(*a*) *Expressions of astonishment* (at seeing or hearing something startling).

Ya kabdi kabda—Oh! my liver. (Especially 'Ajman women.)
Ya galbi galba—My heart of hearts. ('Ajman women.)
Yummah!—Oh Mother!
Ybbah!—Oh Father!

Men have one very common expression, "'Alláh" pronounced with a long drawl on the final "a". This when they have seen or heard something really surprising or wonderful.

(*b*) *Expressions of affection.*

Ba'ad aini aini—Oh my eyes, my eyes.
Ba'ad galbi galbi—My heart, my heart.
Ba'ad ruhi ruhi—My soul, my soul.

(*c*) *Woman's expression of impatience.*

Ya waili waila—E.g. "Come here Nura, the English lady wants to speak to you, why don't you hurry you foolish one, *ya waili waila*, what is the matter with you!"

(*d*) When the head of the house, or a son, returns from a long journey or from the pearl-banks, the woman of the house hangs up on a pole, with a cross-piece to it, one of her best and most brilliantly coloured *thaubs*. Among townswomen, this is hung up on the roof of the house, for the world to see. In the case of Badawin women in the desert the pole is placed in front of the tent. This custom is almost similar to that observed when an important shaikh or personage is expected to arrive at or pass a camp, and the Badawin ladies desire to show him welcome.

K 201
B 201

The custom is known as *raiyat*.

(*e*) Another pretty custom is to show to a guest at a tent, or big man passing by and staying for coffee, a baby that is just born, when for luck he gives into its little hand a rupee or riyal.

B 574

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

The statement often made that a bride never shows her face to her Arab husband is not exactly correct. As often as not the husband forcibly

B 334 291

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CHAPTER XII

Food and Hospitality

262 The well-to-do Badawin, such as our man Salim al Muzaiyin or the shaikh of a tribe, has one square meal a day, usually in the evening. This consists of plain rice cooked in *semen* (ghi), a few dates dipped in butter, some *leben* (butter-milk), finishing up with coffee. In the early morning he starts the day with some *leben* and dates, also coffee. He does not often eat meat himself, because he cannot afford to do [574] so. Should a guest of standing arrive, the host will always kill a sheep or lamb for him, which goes the round of the family after the guest has had his share.

The poor Badawin, and the great majority of Badawin are poor, get one meal a day consisting of dates and camel's milk, with a very occasional dish of plain rice or a piece of bread.

The very poor Badawin, such as the herdsman (*shâwi*) who tends the sheep or camels of the more fortunate, gets nothing but camel's milk. Very rarely he gets some dates also, and still more rarely a bit of rice and meat when his shaikh or employer has a guest, his share being the entrails of the sheep that has been killed.

Speaking generally, in the province of Hasa rice is eaten where possible in preference to bread. The opposite is the case in inner Najd, Qasim, etc. The reason is obvious: wheat is grown in Najd and [264] rice has to be transported there. The Badawin, like all other Muslims, eats with his right hand only and gives it a cursory wash before starting his meal. He is always hungry, and as a result if he can get such things as locusts, edible monitors (*dhub*), game of any sort and even foxes, 788 he will eat them with relish. Speaking generally, the Badawin proper will eat anything that comes his way, especially if no one is looking, though he must always ceremonially cut the throat of any animal or bird he snares or shoots, saying as he does this: "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful" (*b'ismi'llah al Rahman al Rahim*).

[pages 187 and 188 contain no textual material]

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B 264 After the meal is over, though he ought to wash his hands, he rarely does so, owing to shortage of water. He prefers to wipe his hands on the tent and later in his beard. The 'Ajman tribe pride themselves in being able to show grease hand-marks on their tents; these indicate "hospitality". Bread is rarely eaten except among the well-to-do Badawin, though of course if bread is available any man will eat it with pleasure.

B 262

Mushrooms (*fṭur*) and truffles (*faqah*) are eagerly sought for and eaten in the rainy season, but these are a luxury.

On special occasions the Badawin gets camel's meat, if for instance his shaikh is entertaining. The "hump" especially is considered a great delicacy in the cold weather. I have not infrequently eaten camel's meat myself and found it rather coarse and leathery, but the Badawin loves it.

K 262 In Kuwait town and among the town-dwellers of Najd, camel's meat and beef are regularly eaten during the winter months. Both are said to keep a person warm, and the former to make him strong.

B 262 Every Badawin, whether rich or poor, must entertain and feed a stranger who asks for a night's lodging.

574 If such guest be a big man and his host is fairly well to do, a sheep is invariably killed and served up with rice, sprinkled with sultanas, almonds and a few onion shavings.

If the guest is a poor nomad Badawin, the guest will be given a dinner of plainly cooked rice and some dates and *leben*. Should the host himself be very poor, he will still take the traveller in, and do the very best he can for him, even if he has only a few dates to offer; but entertain him he must, that is, give him food and a night's shelter.

B 574 Should a shaikh or well-to-do person visit a poor man's tent and ask for hospitality, he is expected to reward his host, either on leaving or on reaching home, with either a money present or a *kiswah* (present of clothing). This is the invariable custom.

Should a traveller pass a tent with only women in it, the head of the tent being away, say tending sheep or camels, the principal woman of the tent will come out, and stand in front of her tent with a bowl of *leben*, a signal to the passer-by to come and refresh himself. If an important cavalcade passes by, and the lady of the tent desires to attract their attention and get them to come and partake of her bounty,

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she will set : a light pole, usually one of the tent side-supports, and 574
hang one of her holiday orange, red or black garments on it, and stick it into the ground in front of her tent as a signal. This is her silent way of inviting the stranger to come and partake. I have been thus invited on several occasions, especially by members of the 'Ajman tribe and the Muntafiq.

If a man and his wife are both at home and a guest arrives, of whatever status, he is welcomed by the man and placed in the *diwāniyah* portion of the tent, that is, the end furthest away from the women's quarters. There he is given his coffee, food and a place to sleep. The women do not come near him or attempt to talk to him, unless he happens to remain two or three days, on account perhaps of heavy rains. The women then thaw somewhat, and when they do address him it is as "my brother".

When Badawins are encamped singly, they always endeavour to 361
hide their tents in hollows and in such positions as to escape notice. 574
This is partly due to a natural desire to escape attention in case an enemy is about, but more often to escape being seen by a traveller. The latter must be attended to if he begs for food and a night's shelter, and this entertaining of strange guests often bears very heavily on the tent-dweller. These remarks apply to the Badawin of the desert proper and do not include tribes such as the settled ones of Iraq, who are very wealthy and normally entertain on a most lavish scale.

Some tribes, especially the Muntafiq of the Euphrates, are so 574
scrupulous in exercising hospitality that they often almost ruin themselves rather than be thought stingy to guests. A man having only a single sheep in the world will go and kill it to feed a strange guest. The Braih (Wasil) section of the desert Mutair have a similar reputation for entertaining, and are looked up to in consequence. The Birzan subsection of this tribe, having been blessed by the Prophet himself for their kindness and hospitality, were rewarded by being told that their blood even was blessed—hence it is believed that to drink a Birzani's blood will cure a man of impotence, cause a woman to conceive and counter the poison of a mad dog.

Some tribes, notably the Dhafir, have an unpleasant custom which 264
often annoys those sitting down to a meal. Say there are ten men dining together, if one gets up satisfied, the rest must at once all get

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backbone, the muscles of the shoulders and the muscles of the leg near the knuckle: the tongue, the kidneys, the cheek bits and the eyes, are also well-known delicacies. The fat of the tail is always looked upon as the guest's particular right. The Arabian sheep is of the fat-tailed variety unknown in England. Round the central dish of rice and meat, the shaikh places two or three bowls of *leben*, with lumps of rather dirty butter floating in it—also a plate or two of dates. The guest, after finishing his meal, drinks *leben*, and then turns to the dates, which he eats with the butter floating in the *leben*. These dates and butter, especially if the dates are fresh (*ratab*), are delicious.

Prior to the meal, and after the meal, coffee is handed round. Among the Badawin coffee is rather a poor and watery stuff, and following the Najd fashion is made with lots of *hail* (cardamum) in it. After lunch, it is polite to thank your host with a *Allah i kathir khair ak* or a *'An'am Allah 'alaik* (God increase your good works! or God reward you!).

It is also quite correct to make pleasant remarks about the good cooking of the housewife, and if you catch a glimpse of her, as you often may behind the *qâta* or curtain dividing the women's from the men's quarters, you may say *Allah i kathir khair ich ya ma'aziba* (God give you plenty, hostess of mine!). The lady will always reply with a *hanni wa 'a'afiah* or *'alaikum al 'a'afiah* (may you be satisfied!).

Having enjoyed the shaikh's hospitality, you leave after taking coffee, and the relatives, young men, big children, etc., eat up what is left of the meal: it is always amusing to see these hang back in pretended shyness, as if to say, "You know I never came here to get a meal", when the host invites them to come forward and partake with a *Yalla ya flan, gûm*, or *Yalla ya raba'a gûmu*, or *Thafadhalu ya awlâd*. He usually has to do this several times and in a rather injured voice.

The host of course does not eat with his guests, but later with the members of the family. It is always seemly for the guest, if he be a prominent person like a shaikh or Political Agent, to bring a present of rice, coffee or sugar with him for the tent. This gift he presents in casual manner before he leaves: if he wants to win more praise, he will also have brought with him materials for half a dozen frocks for the

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B 574 431 women of the tent. This makes him their friend for life. I always made a point of trying to do this in Kuwait.

A dinner party given by a townsman (hadhari) or better-class semi-nomad tribesman ('arabdar)

B 252 264 K 252 264 This is a very much grander affair than the preceding, and the rice is usually of the *ambar bu* kind from Iraq or North Iran. After boiling, the whole sheep is browned all over by plunging it in boiling *dehen* or *semen* (clarified butter). It may be even baked in a baker's oven, when it is known as *lahm mashwi*.

Over the rice is spread a thin layer of hot sultanas, shredded onions (fried), gram and other spices. Dried pomegranate seeds are often introduced (an unpleasant habit, as grit like sand-grains seems to have got into the food). The whole dish is surrounded with plates, or small bowls, containing various meat dishes, vegetables, sweetmeats and fruit (usually cut-up melon). The number of these dishes increases with the importance and wealth of the host. The following are the names of the more important dishes thus served:

(*a*) *Marag*—a tasty brown stew containing small lumps of meat, tomatoes (*tamáta*), egg-plant (*baitan-jan*), and ladies' fingers (*bámia*).

(*b*) *Shaikh Mahshi*—Young white pumpkins, or preferably large cucumbers, stuffed with rice, nuts, and minced meat.

(*c*) *Baragh* or *Dólma*—A mash of rice and meat wrapped up in young vine leaves, and thoroughly boiled. It is delicious to the taste. (Originally from Turkey.)

(*d*) *Tamáta marag*— is like (*a*) above, but made of tomato and onion sauce.

(*e*) *Dólmat*—Stuffed onions like (*c*) above.

(*f*) *Kabáb*—Meat, rice and sultana rissoles.

(*g*) *Mahallibi*—Ground rice or arrowroot cooked in milk and flavoured with cardamum, and sometimes with chopped pistachio nuts.

(*h*) *Mahallibi wa Záfáran*—Like (*g*) mixed with saffron to colour it yellow.

(*i*) *Harís*—A kind of crushed corn-and-meat porridge, very nourishing.

B 264 K 264 Interspersed with the above are plates of dates (*tamar*), bowls of sour milk (*leben*), grapes, sections of melon (if in season), also large flat thin wafers of unleavened bread or thick round flat oven-made

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173 (1) One and all discarded what they called the commonly believed and foolish story of Kisra (Chosroes) having colonised Hasa with war prisoners, who later became the ancestors of the 'Ajman. They could not say where the story had originated, but were emphatic that it was untrue.

(2) One and all of the leaders and old men (including Salim al Udhain, the aged Musra Shaikh) declared that the story of their Najran ancestry was the only correct one. This was proved also by many of their old songs and verses, composed over a thousand years ago, and handed down from father to son. These clearly showed, they said, that the mysterious Yam was their founder, and that from him also had sprung the Murra, the Manasir, the Manahir, the Awámir, the Rashid, the Saiar (of Hadhramaut and Dhufar), also the Karab, and many also of the Yaman tribes proper. They, the 'Ajman, the greatest of the Yam descendants, invaded (according to their ancient sagas) the Persian Gulf littoral in the days when the Araiar house of the Bani Khalid ruled Eastern Arabia and modern Hasa. In fact, this took place in the day of the famous Araiar ruler who made the touching of a *hubara* egg punishable by death.

A VISIT TO THE CAMP OF AMIR HAIF BIN HAJRAF (HEAD OF THE SULAIMAN SEPT OF THE 'AJMAN) 25TH MARCH, 1935

574 My last visit to Amir Haif's camp was interesting for various reasons, but especially because of the way they were doctoring a valuable hawk, which had had its head badly cut in a fight with a *hubara*.

We (my wife, myself, my daughter and 'Addas the hawk-eyed Rashidi hunter of the Shaikh of Kuwait) arrived at about 10 a.m. at the Amir's camp on the eastern edge of the Shaqq, and in the depression known as Khaur al Hajlan.

My wife brought enough silks and satins to satisfy the needs of the Amir's ladies, some seven in number (including sisters and daughters), and after distributing them, and giving other silks to the two wives of Anaizan al Munaikhar on a visit from Najd, we had lunch. A good spread it was too, set out in 'Ajman fashion. The Amir made an excellent host, and entertained us right royally.

151 721 followed these tracks for about two hundred yards. He then came back to us and said that fifteen Awamir from the north had raided the Junuba near the southern coast, lifted three of their camels, watered at a certain well, and passed this way twelve days before. I myself could not have been certain that the tracks were even the tracks of camels, they were so blown by the wind, but he had read the whole story. We had been out of touch with all Arabs for over a month, but when we met Badu they confirmed that this raid had taken place exactly as he had said. It is, however, a mistake to think that all Badu can track. Some of them are as bad at tracking as they are at guiding, but when you meet a good tracker or a good guide his skill is uncanny.

181 577 609 574 You might think that a life like this, where to keep alive at all is only just possible, was bound to degenerate into a brutish struggle for survival. But this is not so. These Badu are, it is true, hard and ruthless, avaricious and impatient of restraint, yet no people are so generous. They will give away their clothes literally from off their backs, and they are brave, loyal to each other, courteous, patient, and unselfish. I have spent the greater part of the last five years with them, and I have found it hard indeed to live up to their standards of decency. Arab hospitality is famous, but I wonder if you realize what it implies. The Badu do not ask someone to dinner when they have got something extra or when they feel inclined. One or two or half a dozen people are travelling past, see an encampment, and decide to spend the night there, for the traveller in the desert takes a free meal of anyone he sees. The host and his family are probably almost starving, yet everything they have is routed out and set before their self-invited guests, whom they may never have seen before, and if possible they will slaughter an animal for their dinner. I have often received this hospitality, and even now it makes me uncomfortable, though my host has sent me away in the morning feeling that it really was I who had conferred a kindness on him. Of course, another time it is one's host who is travelling and taking meals off someone else, so it evens up, I suppose. But it is not that; it is the wonderful, open-hearted, ungrudging way in which they do it. I am afraid I have always resented the sight of unwanted guests when we were short of food.

576 264 [271] 576 [486] 577 When travelling they always divide up their food before each meal and then draw lots for it, otherwise there is invariably an argument, never because someone says he has been given too little, but because he maintains that he has received too much. Among semi-settled Arabs, where the strict Badu conventions are not necessarily observed, you soon see how quickly it is resented when someone always takes the largest piece. Once we reached a well after we had been twenty-four hours without water, yet no one would drink when we arrived because some of our party had lingered behind to graze their camels, and they would only drink when everyone was there. The bond which exists between travelling companions is indeed tremendously strong; it is only this which makes travelling possible at all. If you are accompanied by a tribesman from a hostile tribe, you are safe from that tribe while he is with you, and he would fight in your defence even against his own brothers. To betray a companion is the blackest crime which a Badu can commit; but it goes

101 Hadhramaut we had crossed the Sa'ar plateau From the
619 to this last well upon the desert's edge, where
622 we had heard that Bin Maiqal and his Bin Ma'aruf section of the Sa'ar were camped. Normally he and his clan lived in the desert around Najran, and of recent years they had acknowledged Ibn Saud as their overlord; but they had been involved in a raid upon the Yam and had fled south to seek refuge among their kinsmen from the animosity of that great tribe and the wrath of Ibn Saud. The desert was full of fear and everywhere the talk was of raids and counter-raids, of deaths and of looted stock.

233 In the sharp cold of the winter's morning we rode down the valley beyond the well, past the milch herds of the Bin Ma'aruf. The herdboys had just driven them forth to graze from their couching-place around the tents, and my companions spoke appreciatively of their condition, calling each other's attention
574 to their finer points. The Sa'ar had news of our approach, for a party of them had ridden

574 past our stopping-place at sunset the day before. Now as we drew near they assembled to receive us and greeted us as is the Bedu custom by firing low over our heads. Then drawing their daggers they swept down on us in a wild yelling mob while we fought to control our startled camels. Dismounting we greeted each of them in turn, and after joining the coffee circle exchanged our news in the traditional Bedu formula. A dish of dates was then set before us and a young lad moved round the ever-growing circle, pouring out to each in turn the customary sips of bitter black cardamom-flavoured coffee.

619 Sitting among them were visitors from neighbouring tribes, who had come here to discuss truces and blood-money, and some of them I had met before. The names of many of the Sa'ar were also familiar to me, for I had heard them repeated again and again, in tales of skirmishes and bloodshed, while on the
411 march and in desert camps. Every man and boy among these tribesmen held a rifle in his

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[TEXT CONTINUES ON P. 398(B) -- ANALYST]

411 hand and all wore the distinctive carnelian-
157 studded dagger, and one and all impressed
me as virile, reckless and uncontrolled, but
701 humorous and friendly. While we sat among
621 them talking there was a sudden stir, for they
had noticed a dozen mounted Arabs approach-
ing rapidly across the dunes. Then someone
recognized one of the camels and they re-
laxed. These camels were stretched out and
travelling very fast, yet were urged to even
greater efforts by the wild yells of their riders.
They were the scouts, sons of sheikhs and the
very pick of the tribe, who set out each dawn
to scour the surrounding desert, keen-eyed for
the tracks of strangers. Lithe, hard-bodied
and alert, these lads rode their splendid beasts
with effortless mastery. They had heard the
firing and, thinking the camp attacked, had
ridden back to help.

621 Scattered upon the dunes around us were
592 small black tents, round which naked infants
romped, while dark-clad women moved about
gathering sticks and tending herds of goats.
Sometimes a family changed its site, for,
though fear of raiders had imposed upon
them the need to keep together, their restless
nomad instincts drove them to constant move-
ment within the wide confines of the camp.
Such short migrations provided an interesting
sight as they moved slowly past. The children
drove the camels, laden with tents, cooking-
pots, watering-troughs and ropes, the simple
requirements of their life; while the Bedu
mothers and the virgin beauties of the tribe
rode in the slow swaying camel-litters.

574 That evening they feasted us on meat and,
after the camel herds had drifted in at dusk,
brought us great frothing bowls of milk, the
nectar of the Arabs. The night was filled with
the haunting sounds of an Arab camp—the
ceaseless restless moaning of camels, the bark-
ing of dogs, the rise and fall of Arab voices
from their gathering-places round the fires,
and sometimes the distant harmony of song.

312 Next morning when the sun was warm we
drove our camels across the sandy plain to
water at the well, which is situated close
under high limestone cliffs on the northern
401 edge of the valley. A few Arabs had already
312 arrived and were fastening their pulleys to the
scaffolding around the well. It is over 200 feet
in depth and stone-lined, a monument to
some forgotten people in the dim past. At the
deep wells in the Najd the Arabs use their

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401 camels to draw up the water, but the southern
312 Bedu always lift it by hand. They fasten a
577 leather bucket, holding about four gallons, to
415 either end of the rope which runs over the
[462] pulley, so that as one bucket is drawn up full the other descends empty. Men and women draw together on the well-ropes, four or five to each rope, singing in chorus as they work.

233 We had not been here long before the camel herds arrived and the serious work of watering began. Great leather troughs supported on crossed wooden hoops were set up by each family around the well. Soon there was no room for more watering parties, and late-comers had to wait their turn. The buckets rose and fell and were tipped into the troughs about which the thirsty camels pushed and thrust while their calves frolicked around. Shouting herdboys, stripped to the waist, ran in and out among them, driving away camels which did not belong to them, and restraining the more impatient of their own. Others scratched the hind-quarters of their favourite beasts, while they sang them their watering songs to induce them to drink deep. When they had drunk they were couched nearby, to be watered again later in the day, before being driven back to pasturage. Round the well-mouth women filled their water-skins, which then lay swollen and quivering upon the ground, guarded from the trampling feet of the camels by shrill-voiced little girls, clad only in a leather fringe around their waists.

562 Few of the women were veiled and all joined freely in the constant jests and laughter. Among them was a tall girl of startling beauty. She had come down to the well early in the day, carrying a water-skin and accompanied by her young sister. The centre of a happy laughing group of lads, she dallied here till the evening.

● 574 A family of Sa'ar from off the mountains
291 were camped under an overhanging cliff
171 nearby, and they bade us join them and drink
69 coffee. Kinsmen of the Bin Ma'aruf, they yet differed from them in their dress and way of life. They wore indigo-dyed loincloths and wraps around their shoulders, as is the fashion among the Southern Bedu, whereas the Bin Ma'aruf were clad like the Northern Arabs in long white shirts whose pointed sleeves fell nearly to the ground. They were returning to their homes in Raidat al Sa'ar, a two days'

[324] journey to the south. Floodcrops of sorghum
312] and beans are grown there in a shallow valley, guarded by numerous stone-built forts and watch-towers, which look out across the des-
609 olate rocky plateau. Raidat is seldom visited by other Arabs, for it is the very stronghold of the Sa'ar, who have an evil reputation for treachery.

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609 treachery. This is probably a slander, inspired by the constant enmity which characterizes their relations with their neighbours; but they certainly deserve their reputation for godlessness, for they never fast nor pray, declaring that the Prophet gave their forefathers exemption from both.

231 We now sat looking down on the busy scene around the well, and those Arabs who
521 had finished watering strolled over and joined us. They asked us what we thought of their herds, and were soon deep in technicalities with my companions. They spoke of individual camels owned by Arabs four or five hundred miles away, of the different breeds, their milk yields and powers of endurance, of prices in Dhofar, Najran and on the Trucial Coast, of pasturage, and of camels taken in
721 raids on other tribes. We heard details of the recent raid upon the Yam and of how Mabkhaut, nicknamed the Cat, had remained behind to hold up the pursuit and had been killed when his rifle jammed. He had been the greatest raider in the southern desert and his exploits and daring were legendary among the tribes. I had known him well, for he had guided us the year before from Salala to Dhofar. They spoke of raids across the waterless eastern steppes, and among the giant dunes to the north. They told of pursuits and battles in the dark, of ruthless killings, of blood-feuds and murder. They mentioned famous guides, and waterholes and routes across the sands, where the oryx herds still
574 roamed. Meanwhile, a young lad had blown up the embers of the fire and set the long-necked coffee pot to boil. His uncovered hair fell to his naked shoulders and framed an impish laughing face. Our elderly host had roasted the coffee beans and passed them round for us to sniff, before pounding them up in a wooden mortar and putting them in the pot. He flavoured his coffee with crushed ginger as is the custom in the Hadhramaut. He also gave us parched grain and beans to eat; all that he had with him, for on such simple fare do the Bedu travel.

600 We lingered with them till the sun was nearly set and then descended past the well, deserted now, except for a bent old woman and two small children, who were loading the last of their water-skins on a young and restive camel. Tomorrow there would be the endless bargaining for camels and arguments with prospective guides, and ahead of us lay all the hardships and difficulties of the desert crossing. But my companions were content, and being happy in the present broke into song as they approached the camp-fires through the dusk.

p 400 (B)

797 of religious enthusiasm and fanaticism. The
563 Beduin manifested his enthusiasm by declaring
721 that all Moslems were equal before God, and hence that the Sulubba were equal to "free men," i.e. Beduins. Ibn Saud, anxious to increase his fighting men, backed this idea (in fact he may have originated it), and raised fighting forces from the Sulubba and gave them war banners. The Sulubba took part in a number of war-like operations, and it was said that, in the massacres which usually followed a Wahhabi victory at this time, the Sulubba were the most cruel and bloodthirsty.

The outbreak of fanaticism, however, died down from 1925 to 1929, and it is believed that these Nejd Sulubba have again fallen back to their original condition.

342 In order to escape unwelcome Beduin guests,
574 the Sulubba live in tiny tents, many of them
563 scarcely larger than a blanket. They show great
69 skill in pitching these tents in the beds of ravines or behind rocks so as to be invisible to passers-by. The more important Beduin sheikhs take pride in pitching a large tent in a prominent place, which conveys not only defiance of enemies but a distant welcome to guests. According to Beduin interpretation the Sulubba reveals his baseness by concealing his camp from both strangers and guests.

Sulailat

101 These consist of a tribal section, who
563 usually camp with the Amarat branch of the Anaiza in the Iraqi desert west of the Euphrates. These people are said to be descended from a man of the Anaiza tribe, who married a Sulubba

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609 northern Hasa; and there are certain districts, containing but few
486 wells, where several tribes, each having a right of watering, cross and recross each other's dīras, without committing thereby acts of trespass, though not without engendering frequent friction. Such, for example, are the steppe west of Jebel Shammar and that north-east of the same district towards the lower Euphrates valley. For the right of crossing a dīra the traveller is expected to pay in money or kind to the chief, who often drives a very hard bargain, but should not be regarded as levying blackmail. After all, in return for the payment, he and his tribe concede protection and allow the traveller to consume some of their very scanty supply of fodder and
621 water. All Arab society is patriarchal. Some one man can answer for each unit, and among the best Arabs for very large units. The traveller's chief danger arises where tribes are small or so broken up that not more than one or two families recognize a chief.

486 There is, however, one recognized exception to this sanctity of
721 dīras, namely, the right of every tribe, or even section of a tribe, to
577 raid any other according to a well-established code of warfare, unless barred by definite federation, treaty, or ancient friendship. To go
621 out on raid (*ghazwah*) is the young man's chance of proving himself, and to provide him with that opportunity is virtually obligatory on all tribes, except the meanest. The greater chiefs, like their ancient cousins, the Assyrian kings, make an annual practice of the Raid. The farther afield it goes, the greater the glory in a society punctiliously sensitive to public opinion. Raiding parties may, therefore, be met very far from the ranges of their own people, and no district is quite safe from them. They may generally be recognized by their travelling light, without women, and on high-bred camels. The *rafīq* is powerless against them in his own dīra, except possibly through some lucky friendship on his part or the repute of his tribe. But raiding parties are not very particular. They will swoop down on a caravan without asking many questions or being much disposed to respect persons. Unless the traveller's party is very decidedly stronger than the attack, it should submit at once. Most of its belongings will be taken, but no life. Such submission is a well-recognized part of the game, and entails no slur on the courage of any members of the party.

486 The more the traveller can learn and retain in his mind of the
181 genealogy of individuals and tribes, in a land where pedigrees are very widely known back to a hoar antiquity and inordinately valued,
574 the better for his safety and the impression he will make and leave on his hosts. He should know also, as far as possible, the political grouping of tribes and recent desert history. If, like Doughty, he

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travels *in forma pauperis*, he can avail himself, more than one who takes his own tents and servants, of the protection which Arab usage enjoins a Bedouin to extend to one who has touched as suppliant any part of his tent or belongings or eaten of his food. Strictly the efficacy of the last safeguard expires on the third day, when all that was eaten on the first is supposed to have passed out of the body. It is often worth while to appeal from the men to the women, whose instincts of hospitality, independence, and freedom of action are pleasing features of Bedouin life.

It is worth while to remember that no Bedouin society is wholly self-supporting. Even if it can supply itself with sheer food from its own dīra, or some purely Arabian oasis—which it rarely can—it is dependent on the outer world for other necessaries, as well as for any sort of simple luxury. Clothing materials, coffee, tobacco, and, to a great extent, arms and munitions can only reach it from ports, or from the settled districts on the fringes of Arabia. Those, therefore, who control such ports or districts can always exercise an influence upon the desert men, however inaccessible, command their behaviour in the long run, and punish their hostility.

From a military point of view Bedouins make very valueless auxiliaries of trained troops, except as scouts and raiders, or, if long, hot, and waterless stages have to be covered, as messengers.

Settled Folk.

The principal settlements will be dealt with in the special chapters on localities (see Chaps. IV ff.), followed by detailed descriptions of the tribes themselves (see Chaps. XIII ff.)

The ubiquity of nomads in Arabia explains and partly excuses common ignorance about the real extent and importance of its urban and village societies. To say that all the Arabs of the peninsula are Bedouins, or that its society is either nomadic or semi-nomadic, is far from the truth. Not only do the fertile coastal districts in the south-east and south-west of the peninsula contain numerous urban and village communities, rooted to the soil and engaged in agriculture and trade, while the goals of the Pilgrimage, Mecca and Medina, with the port of Jiddah, are considerable towns; but, as has already been pointed out, the three groups of oases in the centre support urban settlements, several of which have over 5,000 inhabitants apiece, besides many agricultural villages, large and small.

It is, however, true that all settled communities in Arabia are affected, in various degrees, by the nomad society, which is never far from them, and often surrounds them. There is much intermarriage between the settled and the unsettled folk: chiefs and